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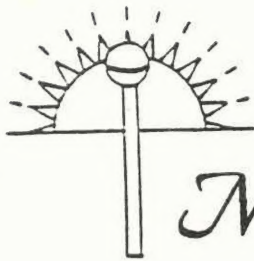
Morning Star

Vol. 5

1987-88

North Scott High School

Eldridge, IA 52748



Scott County Library System
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Morning Star

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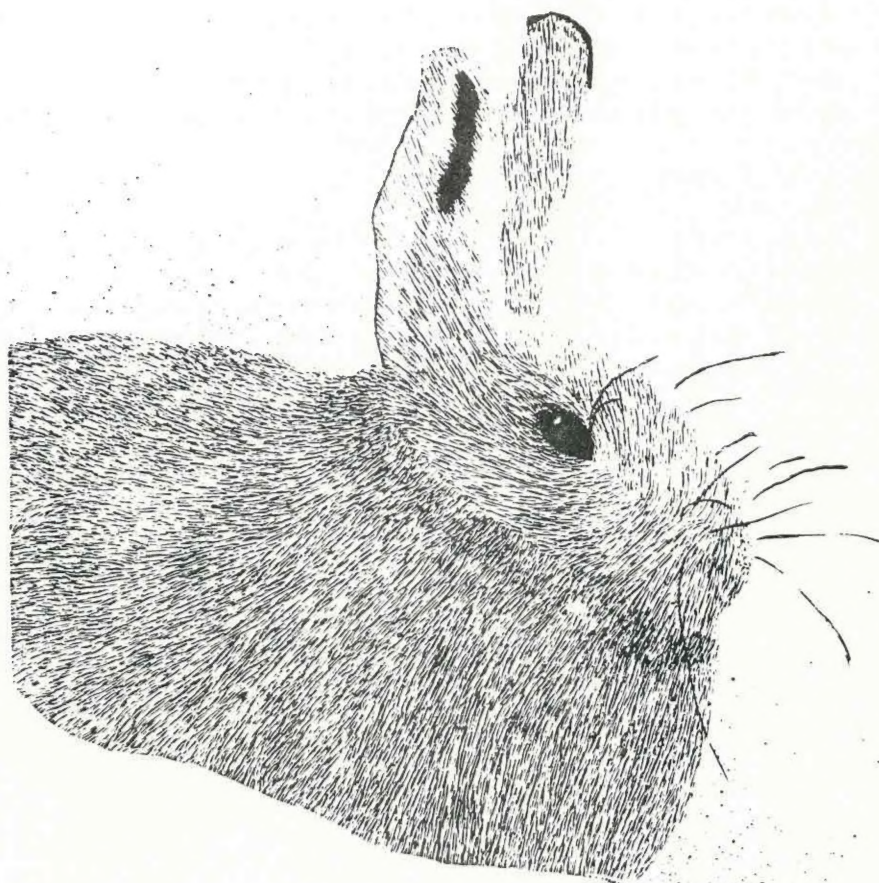
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MORNING STAR....

....is the name of a medieval weapon, but the term also signifies the awakening freshness and potential of young artist and writers at North Scott. This fifth annual collection of creative student expression joins The Lance, the student newspaper, and The Shield, the yearbook, as productions of the North Scott High School Language Arts Department.



-Heather Gill, '89

A Lost Friend

He meant a lot to me
And I never had a chance to tell him.
God took him away from us too soon
And I don't understand why.
I loved him as a friend
And I'm going to miss him.
He always looked out for me
And listened to my problems.
I know God is said to be always right,
But losing him doesn't seem right at all.
My friend was too young
And had so much ahead of him that he
Lost out on.
The short life he did live though
Filled many lives with love and joy.
I know he did mine.
Even though he's gone,
Our friendship will last forever
And he will never be forgotten.

Amy Altenhofen, '88

Puppet

I dance to their rhythm,
I dance to their beat.
I feel like a puppet,
with strings on my feet.
I'm tired of pleasing others,
and acting their way.
I'm going to put down these strings,
and then just walk away.
I know it will be hard,
but that's how it has to be.
I have to find that someone,
who likes me just for me.

Linda Blumer, '91

I Remember

I remember how it used to be,
no one else, just you and me.

Remember you said we'd be together,
just you and me, we'd last forever.

I remember, I remember

I remember the walks we used to take,
hand and hand around the lake.

Remember when we had a snowball fight
Christmas eve, in the middle of the night?

I remember, I remember

I remember times of sitting in the park,
walking and talking until it was dark.

Remember fresh flowers, and spring rains,
the first Christmas snow, and candy canes?

I remember, I remember

I remember our song on the radio
you swore you'd never let me go.

Remember you said we'd be together till the end of time?
I was yours, you were mine.

I remember, I remember

I remembered these memories, in my heart they'll last,
memories you gave me, of times past.

Remember me always, and of our love that was true,
think of me always, for I'll be there for you.

Linda Blumer, '91



-Jesse Nagel, '90

There's a special smell in the air
The greatest smell you could ever bear
As the wind begins to blow
You just wonder how it goes
For you're the special thing that glows
When you glow, if you do
So many people will say "I LOVE YOU"
So when that special time comes to you
Everyone will be asking you
But when it's up to you
That special smell will always come through

Jason Bauer, '88

We sit in school
Read and write.
We keep wondering
If it's worth the fight
As we sit here all day long
We keep singing that same old song!

Jason Bauer, '88



-Jeff Gates, '88

Death

Death is cold wind that whips through branches.
Death is the water that erodes the shore.
Death deposes, separates, and destroys,
Faster than the fastest steed,
Death is the final judgement indeed.

Eric Bellman, '89

The End Is Near

The end of one life is near,
graduation will soon be here.
The time is coming
when we say good-bye.
We go out on our own
and try to fly.
There's no turning back,
you're on your own,
Out in the world all alone.

Dawn Benthin, '88



Home

It is a favorite place for me.
It isn't a building.
It is a shelter of love
Open to all who bond together
To form a family.
You ask what about a mama
Or a papa or a babe.
There is a need for one another
To live and survive.
"Home Sweet Home"
Home

Amy Birtell, '90

Always Lord

The Lord is Great!
Even though we may stray
He is with us
Always

The Lord is Powerful
Moving mountains and seperating seas.
Strong enough to carry us,
He carries us
Always

The Lord's love is abundant.
He cares for us as our fathers do.
He is our Everlasting Father
And loves us
Always

I thank and praise The Lord
Always

Amy Birtell, '90

LOVE

Love can be a strange thing.
It can make you cry,
It can make you sing.
It can make you think about a kiss
Or make you hurt when you
Realize he doesn't know you exist.
That can really make you blue.

Love can be a couple in the park
Or it can be you dreaming in the dark.
It can also be like a soaring white dove
And wild mustangs too.
But most of all, Love
is something special between me and you.

Carie Brannam, '90

You help me take my mind off things.
And you helped me love again.
When things bring me down,
On you I can depend.
You make me want to live my life
And see my problems through.
When rough times get too tough
I can always turn to you.
You're always by my side,
You've never let me down.
You always have an extra
Smile to cover up my frown.
Thank you, love for being there
When I need a gentle touch.
I love you baby so dearly,
You'll never know how much.

Dawn Burmeister, '90



-Jeff Lassiter, '90

IF ONLY

If only I could change the world
With just a simple song.
If only I could keep my words
From coming out all wrong.
If only I could make you see another
Point of view.
If only wishes would come true.

If only once upon a time
Could be the here and now.
If only make believe could make
Believers of us all.
If only I could touch the dream
So deep inside of you.
If only wishes would come true.

If only, if only,
Wishes would come true.
If only, if only,
I could get to you
Maybe we could make a wish
Come true.

If only I could change your heart
With just a simple song.
If only I could stop the world
From turning out all wrong.
If only everybody wished
The same things that I do
There would be hope for me
And you.

If only wishes could come true.

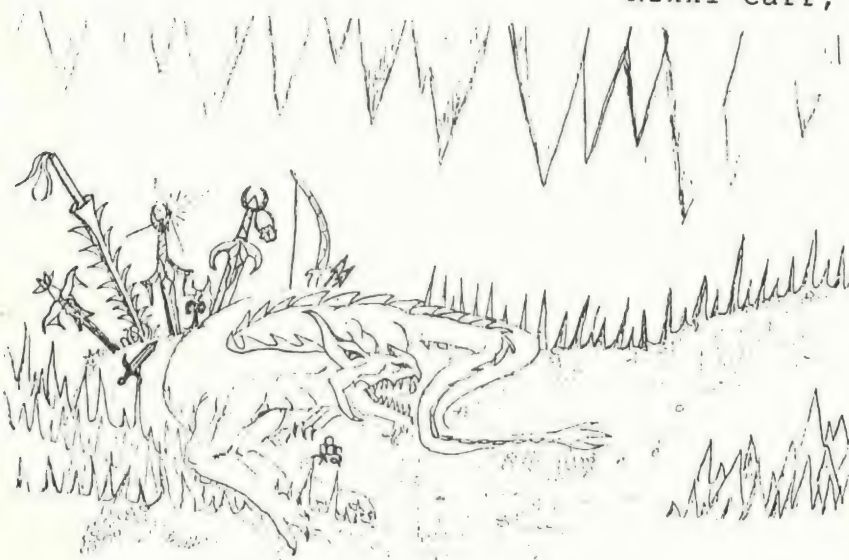
Julie Capshaw, '88

The Wings of Time

Rising of the dawn
Memories unheld
Remembrances unknown
Trusts begun
Friendship formed
Hope held
Compassion
Heart chilled
Unmerciful
Movement...
Life

Whisps of years gone by
Memories past
Remembrances unforgotten
Trusts recorded
Friendship renewed
Hope suppressed
Compassion
Heart aflame
Merciful
Stillness...
Death

Nikki Carr, '89



-Beth Sawdey, '90

Life Beyond

As the wind whips wildly around,
The rain comes down
Drawing near all the storms of the past.

The storms are drawn together as
Ages gone by.
A hush comes over the desolate land.

The creeping, crashing of worlds
Brought together
Allocate them with a deafening silence.

The silence is broken by a thundering
of feared cries
As the Earth's voice lets loose his fury.

The wind screams, the ground shakes
As all of Hell is let loose,
Tearing asunder the work of many.

The clouds part, opening to let the black
Emptiness flow in,
Engulfing the encumbered Earth.

Barren now are all ages of all times,
Gone beyond the wind and the cries of
The Earth.
Disappearing into the storms of the past.

The wrath of the storm is over.
The clouds - the wind are as they were before.

The Earth looks upward to the stars
For the new generation of the future.

Nikki Carr, '89
Daron Shirey, '90

"Suicide"

The desperate desire for pain is your destiny.
The pain pulses inside you.
The pain of thought and temptation
The pain of unknowingness and unwillingness
A pain so deep and dark...you think of death.
A pain unavoidable and unbearable
You wish it was over but it's not.
The burning pulsing pain fries your passion.
Your skin melts and moves like molten lava.
A pain unthinkable, unbearable, but irresistible.

Dustin Cobb, '90

There is a smooth wind
blowing through my hair.
The sand under my feet
slithers through my toes.
The sweet sound of the bird's song
flows through my ear like a sweet
cake would taste to my mouth.

Michelle Costello, '90



-Wayne Whitesides, '89

Morning 'Till Night

Golden treasures of light
 stretch to awake
As the sunrise
 Announces the arrival of morning.
The very first animal
 rising from sleep
Scurries around
 as if to awaken the rest.
Morning's freshness
 and the newly fallen snow,
Present white innocence.
 Morning tells all
What the day holds in store.

Nighttime's iridescence glows
 as the moon whispers its good
nights.
Tucked away,
 the little animals sleep.
The night's coldness
 invites loneliness,
Which will overcome
 the day's remembrance.
Nighttime's lullaby
 sings a sweet song
As the end of the day
 anticipates tomorrow.

Sheri Catlin, '91

"I've Faced It"

Devastated, broken down, up and down, been around.
Now it's over, and I've faced it.
The grief is gone.
My life is over, I'm not dead.
Thoughts still running through my head.
Yes it's over, and I've faced it.
The grief is gone.
Never felt very bad, had a good life, kinda sad.
Always thought I'd do more, always felt a little sore.
Did a lot of work, always tired, did my job, still got fired.
Baby's dead, mommy's gone, now my life's all gone wrong.
No one there to share my thoughts, start to see polka-dots.
Taking drugs, much too many, spent it all, don't have a penny.
Now it's over and I've faced it.
The grief is gone.
My life is over.
At first I felt very bad, cried a lot, thought I had...
No reason to live, now I realize that it's true,
My life is over, and I've faced it.
The grief is gone.
My grief is gone.

Dustin Cobb, '90



-Jeff Gates, '88

DESPAIR

Yelling echoed in the darkening room. The frail young child lay dazed on the floor, hurt and sadness flowing from her eyes. Her poor broken body, weakened from pain, could not move. Cuts and bruises covered her from her father's harsh beatings. Scars from other beatings such as this were evident.

Her mind was plagued with questions of hurt and delusion. Why did this happen? What did she do to deserve this? Silence filled the room and the pain and torment increased.

The sun descending in the sky ended the frightened child's hope to have her father's arms around her saying he was sorry. The darkness closed in around her descending over the room and through her soul.

Sheri Catlin, '91



A Time To Remember

Music wafting through the air beckons to me. I step into the church on Christmas Eve and see the pointsettias sitting on the sanctuary steps. We sit down in the pews which are hard, yet soft and comforting when they welcome the new and the old. A subtle perfume mixes and mingles with the other scents in the room. I sit down and feel a warmth deep inside me that flows through every heart.

I hear the choir as their voices are raised in praise. The soothing sounds take the troubles of all away. The candles, bright and warm, lift up their flames toward God. This essence of heat produces a burning scent as it wafts to the noses of everyone. The trees, tall and poised, bring a magical joy to the church and its people. The organ's resounding sound calls to the Lord. Searching the faces of the people, I see a closeness to God. It is evident that they feel the presence of God because a warmth and happiness flows to everyone. The cross overlooking us speaks the Lord's wisdom.

Focusing on the pastor, I see his firm, loving face speckled with the shadows from the candles. His hands are folded as if to hold God's love as he says a thoughtful prayer that lifts up praises to the Lord. A comforting strength reaches out to help and touches everyone's heart. His faith enables love to be shared by others.

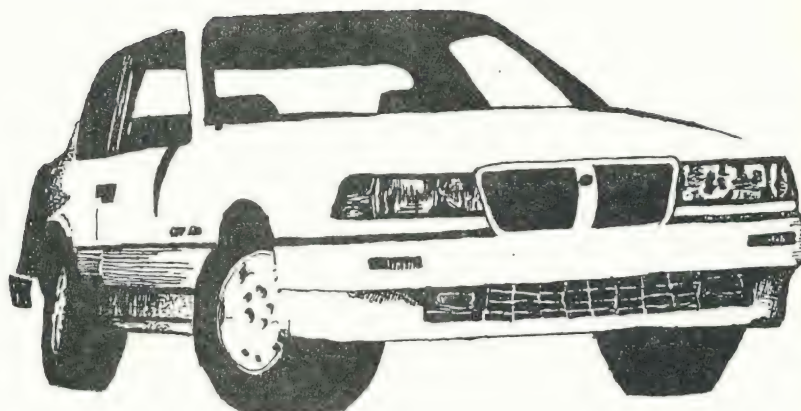
I turn around and see candles lit up like a flame grown from love in each person's hand. An awesome silence fills the air as the love of God descends to the hearts of all.

Sheri Catlin, '91

Time Twisting

Time is a mystery.
Time, does it ever stop?
Time, can you ever go through it?
Time, is there ever enough?
Time, does it age everything?
Time, can it ever be conquered?
Time, is it always repeating itself?
Time is just a twisting, it's an earthbound
Misfit high.

Bart Cawiezell, '90



-Steve Madden, '88

Forever Darkness

Shadows fall over our land,
As the night begins to fall.
Gather up the children,
Before the darkness takes us all.
We have come together,
Standing against the night.
We stand away from the fire,
As we watch the bomb fall.

Jim Cozad, '89

The Solution

When you have a problem
and you need to get away,
Come to me for a solution
and this is what I'll say...

The answer's very easy
and this is what is done -
Grab your coat and go shopping
and have yourself some fun.

Susan Dobbe, '90

A Poem

A poem is something really neat
written down short and sweet.

You may think it's dumb,
but at the end you will want to read it
again and again.

Brian Dunkle, '90

Candle In The Wind

Once our love burned bright
Like a candle in a dark room.
Nothing to disturb us,
No wind to blow out our love.

Then came the light.
This light brightened our room.
It seemed to make our love
So unneeded.

Now the door is open
And our love is going out.
Our love seems like
A candle in the wind.

Candle in the wind
It's a light of uncertainty
And it seems our love
Is like a candle in the wind.
It makes me sad.

Sometime I sit and think
About how our love used to be
How much that I loved you
And how much you loved me.

I hope and pray and wish as much as I may
That our love doesn't stay
Like a candle in the wind.

We need to close the door
But even so much more
We need to break the light
So our love is needed once more.

Dustin Cobb, '90



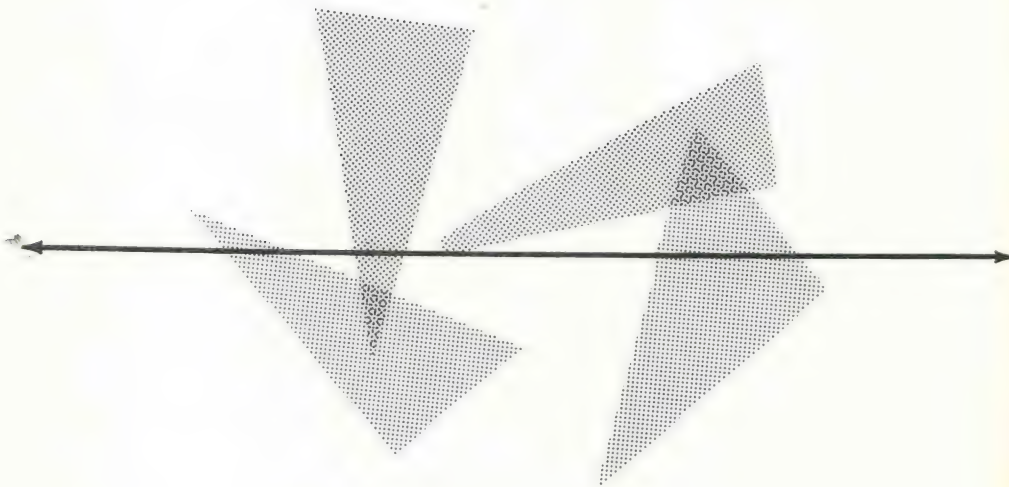
-James Eckhart, '90

CIMMERIA

I remember -

The dark woods, masking slopes of somber hills; the grey clouds laden everlasting arch, the dusky streams that flowed without a sound, and the lone winds that whispered down the passes. Vista on vista marching, hills on hills, slope beyond slope, each dark with sullen trees, our gaunt land lay. So when a man climbed up a rugged peak and gazed, his shaded eye saw but the endless vista, hill on hill, slope beyond slope each hooded like it's brother's. it was a gloomy land that seemed to hold all winds and clouds and dreams that shun the sun, with bare boughs rattling in the lonesome winds and the dark woodlands brooding over all, not even lighted by the rare dim sun which made squat shadows out of men. They call it, Cimmeria, Land of Darkness and the Night. It was so long ago and far away, I have forgotten the very name men called me. The axe and flint-tipped spear are like a dream, and hunts and wars are a shadow. I recall only the stillness of that somber land; the clouds that piled forever on the hills, the dimness of the everlasting woods. Cimmeria, Land of Darkness and Deep Night.

James Eckhart, '90



Thy Boughs I Grace

O sorrowfully I swing
always to perform a dance
at the slightest wind

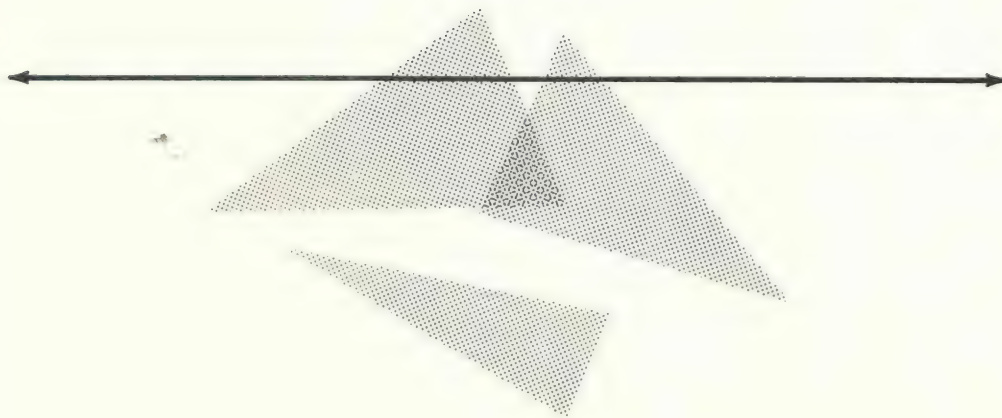
My soles have not embraced the earth
since the hour of my ascension
that day so long ago

A crime, it seems, can bring a
lowly sinner closer to heaven
by means of a rope

Destined to hang
I live on long after
the mob has left

My form changed to that
of a cloud, always suspended
betwixt heaven and hell.

Eric Enequist, '90



The cloud whispers its order
The soft white flake falls to the ground
The bells sound across the land
The horses are heard pulling the wagon
Across the bridge, over the hill
Down the bank
The rabbit perks its ears at the sound
The sound of motion
The squirrel skitters up a tree
To return to his family
The bird flies overhead
To take food back to his family
The deer looks around cautiously
And scanters to join the doe
The wagon continues onward
Off to see their family
The snowflake is alone
Until the cloud whispers its order
And the snowflake falls to the ground

Kris Felsman, '89

The cool mist falls from the sky
Upon the thirsty ground
It greedily drinks the coolness, anxious
For its relief
Life soon learns to grow in this
Dreaded place
Soon the brilliant colors show
Bright green, beautiful red
Flowers burst open
Parading their best colors
The rainbow looks down
Upon this wonderful sight
Shinning its colors brighter
The clouds go away
The sun makes its appearance
And smiles blazingly over the land

Kris Felsman, '89

WHAT DOES HE THINK

His hand comes down and hits his child.
Blood is rising, his eyes are wild.
What does he see when he throws his fists,
Blackening eyes and bleeding lips?
Does he love? Is it hate?
On beating this child does he even debate?
And the child cries
But he still goes on and on...
Even though this child, merely a boy, did nothing more
Than break a small toy.

Amy Fite, '90

Never See

Once a boy
now a man
only sixteen
matured
by his father's hand

All he wonders is
Why go on when you can't do anything
that isn't wrong.

So then he decides to end it fast,
first a slit on his wrist
now there's blood on the glass...

And I cry when I think
what he never could see,
there was one who loved him
even if it was me.

Amy Fite, '90

Steel is dropped
spilling blood
now he's dead
the one she loved

Many come
to give condolance
they all ask why
and cry with boldness

But she has no answers
she feels like lead
her only love
now he's dead

Her love is lost
she swells with hate
she wants to cry
but she can only wait...

Many looked
soon they found out
how deep their love
and what it's about
for by the light of the dawn
the very next day,
found hung in a tree
she shadowed his grave

Amy Fite, '90



The ocean was pretty rough out on the Orca, but the steady up and down rocking of the boat was rather comforting to John. He liked being at sea with the cool salty air and mist spraying over him constantly. It made John feel secure but in a strange way he felt daring. Yes, the man who was about to catch the biggest "fish" that lurked off the coast of Maine felt brave, almost as if he were someone's hero.

John had been sitting in the chair at the back of the boat for nearly forty-five minutes and was beginning to get a little bored. Really all he could do during this time was sit there and watch the line that trailed off his reel, climbed the rod, and then dropped alertly into the cold, murky waters of the North Atlantic.

John studied the tightly coiled nylon of which better than 150 yards were wrapped neatly around the spool that he and his grandfather had put together the summer before. The nylon chords took turns going over and under each other. The sticker on the box the line came in said it would hold more than a 200 pound fish, or at least that's what his grandfather had told him. As John was gazing at the nylon chord wondering how long it was going to take to hook a fish, he didn't really care how big it was, he just wanted to catch something. The line took off running. This happened so fast and so hard that it nearly scared John to death.

"Grandpa help!" he screamed. Hearing the clicking of the reel, Hank, John's grandpa, was already on his way. He told John to just let the fish run, but John already knew that's all he could do. Anyway there was no way that he was going to move this fish, at least for a while. Hank remarked that it looked like the fish had him instead of him having the fish. This thought struck fear into the heart of little John because he really felt like it was true.

This fish kept running and running and by now John's arms were aching to the bone from just holding on to the fishing rod, while the huge fish or whatever it was almost amusingly played with John. He was scared; he had no control over the situation.

After a good thirty minutes of backing the boat up to catch the "fish", nearly all the line was in but there was a good forty feet of line still with the fish in the cold murky depths of the Atlantic. John gained most of his energy back due to the fact that the boat had done nearly all of the work. He was getting anxious to find out what was on the hook of his fishing pole so he really began to reel as hard as he could possibly reel and amazingly picked up all but fifteen feet of the line.

"Where the devil is that fish?" Hank said, more or less to himself, knowing he should be able to see it by now. But still nothing. Hank was now at the edge of the boat with his gloves on ready to grab the last ten feet of line which was a metal leader.

"No grandpa!" said John, "I want to pull it in."

"Alright, it's your fish", Hank said and traded places and equipment with John.

John grabbed the leader and then peered over the side of the boat. John suddenly gasped at what he saw. No, it can't be. There's no way in.....but it was. By God it was a mermaid - with long blonde hair and green scales and everything - just like in fairy tales! John was mistified. He had no idea of what he should do.

"Johnny! John! Johnny! Come and eat!" his mom had just yelled from the cabin.

"Oops!" John squealed as he realized he had doozed off on the dock while fishing with his favorite bamboo pole that grandpa had helped him build. Or was he asleep? What was he just through, or dreamed? No, it couldn't be.

John quickly gathered up what tackle he had and took off up the dock towards the cabin to eat because he was hungry.

Jason Forari, '88



Alone the human spirit is
nothing.

It needs to be free
to grow,
to explore,
to become,
to be fulfilled.

Most of all it must be
happy.

It cannot be confined to
satisfy another's selfish
wants and needs.

It is with this that I
give you
courage.

Courage when you are
sad,

Courage when you are
alone,

Courage to
live,

Courage to be
happy.

Courage to go away and be
free.

My friend, I love you.

Janeen Fowler, '89





-Scott Mueller, '90

Let Your Fingers Do The Walking

Business slow?

Rusty Jones' shorthand reporters

supply everything but the food!

It's worthwhile to check; compare our prices!

We shipem' anywhere:

The River Valley

House of Japan

even Hair America!

FREE Estimates (Foreign or Domestic)

Precious moments can be made more beautiful.

Rusty Jones', your family fun centers!

Oh! and while you're at it, why not RENU-A-TUB

Money a problem?

Bank with Suzuki, "the best little beer store in town."

A tableside adventure, batteries not included.

We're not listed so don't destroy!

Located a pivot point just behind the

Brick-House Bookstore

RENU-A-TUB, guaranteed to turn your car over nice as new!

Over fifty years of service as long as U-HAUL it!

Lesley Hamilton, '90

Dark Light

The sky seems to darken suddenly going
from Gray to Charcoal to Pitch
closing in from all sides
Silence enshrouds me As I become trapped
In my own small world
People around me Fall Back and are Lost
in the darkness and All light disappears
I am completely Alone
Alone within myself
I can search my Inner Being for lost feelings
Slowly I traverse the great realm that is
my Emotions
Discovering things I was blind to before
Suddenly in front of me I see a large
Black object almost blending in with
its surroundings But the outline becomes
ever more distinct And I know it is
Really There
It begins to Glow to shine
This black box becomes brighter and livelier
until it is like Light from Heaven Itself
Almost blinding me The ethereal light
continues to brighten
The front of the box is slowly Lowering
Leaving a great exposed cavity of my Mind
And inside are all the feelings I've
Hidden from myself
And from Everyone Else
But maybe they
were obvious to All Others
Feelings for people About things
I wonder how much of this Black box
was visible to people on the Outside
For the Most Obvious Glaring truth was
Hidden within
Perhaps this box of darkness is a Translucent
Box of Light to observers around me
Did you know before I even did
Did you guess the feeling I locked away
From Myself
In this hidden chamber of Dark Light
in my soul?

Janeen Heiman, '90

Midnight Blue

I really don't understand
I Thought you Loved me and that I
Loved you
But now I don't know anymore
You haven't called or
Told me of your plans
yet I Leave tomorrow
Don't you care?
I can't believe you
could have Forgotten
It means So Much for me to
See you just once more
Before I go
I'm leaving
for So long
so far
Away
I Want to Remember your
face and you to Remember
mine so No one else's
will ever replace
it in Your eyes
I Need you
Where are you Now?

Janeen Heiman, '90



-Rob Litwiller, '89

His unwillingness to learn is the
Strangest thing For the boy really is
quite intelligent Yet it seems He
blows it off As though Authority
and Education were made for all but Himself
People talk about how poor his future will be
He knows it as well as
they Yet he does nothing to Create his
Destiny
He just lets it Ride its own Course
His Ideas and Views of the World and
People are all his Own
His Music and Writings represent this But
he never lets Anyone Read his thoughts
Never lets Anyone try to Discover the Beauty
inside himself
Parents warn children about him
how it's not Good to get Mixed Up with
That Type of Character
No one ever warned him like that
His own Parents don't See or Care to
see the Danger in him
Teachers Cringe to find he's in their class
Everyone is Biased because of his
appearance
Maybe he Hides behind it
It's Good to be one's Own Self
original
but Extremes can Destroy the cause
He must Stop hiding and Learn to
Fit with Society
It will only help
himself

Janeen Heiman, '90

Troubled

I never knew of a troubled kid
Never
Until I met my cousin
Met my cousin?
Long story
She was an average girl like me
We lived worlds apart
She in a Chicago suburb
Me in Iowa
Small town girl
We were good friends
We gossiped
We talked about boys
Relationships
Life
People
She and I had different perceptions
Perceptions of people
I befriended kids out of the school band
She befriended junkies
They hooked her
On drugs
Alcohol actually
A depressant
A drug
I was hooked
On band, friends and school
She got into trouble
She stole
She lied
Etc.
I didn't
Get into trouble, that is
Much
She kept a secret
Of her addiction
She didn't care
I didn't know
No one knew
But her body did
Her body couldn't handle it
Her secret was out
We were concerned
Me especially
She was put into a rehab. center
For trouble kids
On drugs
Or alcohol
Or both
The rules were immense
She didn't follow
The rules

She was released
Kicked out actually
Another place took pity
On her
She didn't like this place
Either
Nor did the other kids
Troubled kids
On drugs
Or alcohol
Or both
She ran
They ran
Away
For awhile
We were all worried
It was too rough in the real world
Lord only knows what she did
But she turned herself in
She was back
We were happy
But this place didn't work out
Obviously
She went home
For awhile
Her parents talked of a place
In Minnesota
They went
She stayed
They left
Again
She ran
Gone for a long time
Two weeks
We were worried
Again
I pretended like nothing was wrong
My friends knew
I didn't care anymore
I was angry
At her
For messing up her life
But it was her life
Not a very good one
But hers
She was found
Willingly she went to another place
A mental ward
Kind of
Locked doors
No way to get out
She was soon out
Not like you may think
She was released

Dried out
Everyone thought she'd be okay
She had missed school
Plenty
She went to school
A new school
A catch-up school
She skipped one day
No one knew where she went
But one month later, they found out
She was one month pregnant
We were shocked
I was ashamed
Of her
I couldn't confide in my friends
But I told close friends
To let it out
Out of my system
But I should have waited
She rid of the baby
The baby
Aborted
Dead
Again
I was angry
Ashamed
Sorry for the baby
For now, she's okay
For how long?
I don't know
No one knows
That's the end of my story
She's just a kid
Like me
Not like me
She's a troubled kid
I know one
Do you?

Kelli Hoag, '90

Fly Away

As she sits waiting her turn
She thinks of all the times
 before
Waiting her turn
As she slowly crept her
 way up
The line getting smaller and
 smaller
Her turn comes closer and closer
Once in the front of the
 line
She stands there looking
 over the slope
Waiting, waiting,
Until the gate fell
Down she sailed
Quickly around the first
 pole
She had to get the best
 time ever
Almost instantly she was
 at the bottom
With a perfect time
 her best ever
As she came to a stop
She turned and looked
 back at the mountain
The mountain she had conquered

Joleen Hesman, '90



When We Are Apart

When we are apart
heavy is my heart
Emotion locked inside
never ending love to abide
Promises are kept
eyes wept
Tears of remembrance trickle down
over the deep-set frown
For we are apart
and heavy is my heart
When will we hold each other again?
When?
I count the days
when our rapturous love finds its way
between our embrace
But we are apart
Heavy is my heart.

Kelli Hoag, '90



Just a Little Advice

There it is, it's tantalizing you
But you know the right thing to do
Let it sit
So what if it tastes good
Even if you could, you wouldn't, right?
You don't want a bite
All those calories and fats
Rats
But what a waste
Look how far you've come
The weight you've lost totaling to
a large sum
Turn away and find a healthy snack
Then give yourself a pat on the back.

Kelli Hoag, '90

Goodbye

Two years ago on October 31, 1984, it was a dreary wet Halloween night and four girls were trick-or-treating in a small town. One of the girls carried an umbrella. The oldest of the four girls was only eleven.

All four girls huddled together under the umbrella, walking slowly down the dark chilly street of the small rugged town, all four laughing, giggling, and collecting candy.

While not quite two miles away, a six year-old boy with a brain tumor was being rushed to the hospital in a screaming, flashing vehicle.

The young helpless boy was a close relative of one of the four girls collecting candy in the old rugged little hick town.

Unconscious the boy was now - slipping away from life, trying hard to hang on.

The girls came to the boy's grandparents' house and went inside the creekly old house to dry off a bit before heading for home.

About that time everything happened at once - lightning hit, lights went out, and the child died.

That was the end. No more goodbyes. Just gone, dead.

Halloween has been a scary dreaded time for those four girls. When they today think of Halloween they think of a mere child. They're empty, silent. No laughing and giggling, just silence.

Traci Hutson, '91



-Aaron Mast, '91

Make-Believe Love

All alone I sit
Thinking of you
Why did you do that?
I don't understand
I put my trust in you
Though you never did me
Is this what love's about
Being hurt and deceived?
All the times you told me
How much you cared
But now I see
None of it was true
Or you would have talked to me
And told me your feelings
I never thought in a million years
You could treat me as you have
But though I've been hurt
Never will I treat you
As you've treated me
Because my love was real
As yours was make-believe.

Lori Iossi, '89

□□□□□□□□

It Won't Be Long

The decision we made
Was for the best
We both knew it wasn't time
We laughed and we cried
But we just can't hide
We're made as one
Until our lives are done
Each day I think
Of how it could be
I know one day
You just wait and see
We'll be together
Both you and me
Things will be different
All for the best
But for now we'll live
In our separate ways
You know me well
I'll count the days
It won't be long
And she'll be gone
Remember your words
So simple and true
All you have to say
Is I love you

Lori Iossi, '89

□□□□□

I'll Never Forget

My love has gone
And you have won
It's finally over
We'll never be one
My feelings were strong
So deep in love
I remember the songs
You sang to me
I loved you so
Couldn't you see?
I have to go on
It's taken too long
I've found someone new
It's something I had to do
I'll never forget
My feelings for you
You're a part of my past
That I thought would last
I know now
It will never be
I'll never forget
Your feelings for me

Lori Iossi, '89



Once A Hero

I tried to tell him
But he wouldn't listen
Always so stubborn
Ironically, it was
Something I admired
About him
Always so strong
Independent
But he wouldn't listen
He had a way
With shutting out
What he didn't want to hear
I always wished
I could do that
He shut out everyone
Including me
Once I looked up to him
Now I only look down on him
As I watch my tear drops splatter
Onto the granite headstone.

Beth Ketelaar, '90



Why?

Why does the wind blow up in the trees?
Why does the little boy have to sneeze?
Why does the dog play on the ground?
Why do they roll all around?
Those are the questions I ask to thee.
Do you have an answer for me?

Dan Kelly, '89

The Poem

I owe him a poem
He told me to see
If I get it right
I would get a "B"
But instead I got in a fight
I owe him a poem he said

Dan Kelly, '89



-Jason Ploog, '90

The Tears Of A Clown

We went to the circus on our last date. The air was filled with music and laughter mingled with the smell of buttered popcorn and sizzling hot dogs. We sat in the big-top waiting almost impatiently for the show to start. Out ran the acrobats, swinging high on the trapeze. The audience sat below watching in stunned silence, gasping when one of the performers fell to the net below.

We sat through the show reluctantly holding hands, our initial tension dissipating as we dissolved into laughter watching the clowns that had always been our favorite circus attraction.

After the main show, we walked throughout the grounds, viewing the side shows - the bearded lady, the serpent woman. We were separated in the crowd, and I walked behind the trailers hoping to glimpse Jimmie amidst the crowd as I peered between those migratory buildings.

The night was dark, only a few bright stars twinkling on the black velvet sky, but a few stray beams of light spilled from the windows of one of the trailers. It was a small movement caught in this light that arrested my attention. There, crouched beside the dingy white siding, I saw the form of a small clown. Though she had been laughing and performing joyously only moments ago, I saw the tears shining in tiny ringlets down her cheeks. The makeup that formed her wide smile and ringed eyes was now merely a puddle of muck. As I came closer, she realized my scrutiny and gasped, quickly opening the trailer door and disappearing inside. I could hear a click as she locked the door.

It was this that troubled me when I again joined the surging crowd. I saw Jimmie standing next to a refreshment booth. Laughing, he talked to a woman he had obviously known for quite some time. He was holding her hand, gazing at her with his warm brown eyes in much the same manner as he had once gazed at me. Though we wouldn't admit it, we both knew it was inevitably time to part and go our separate ways.

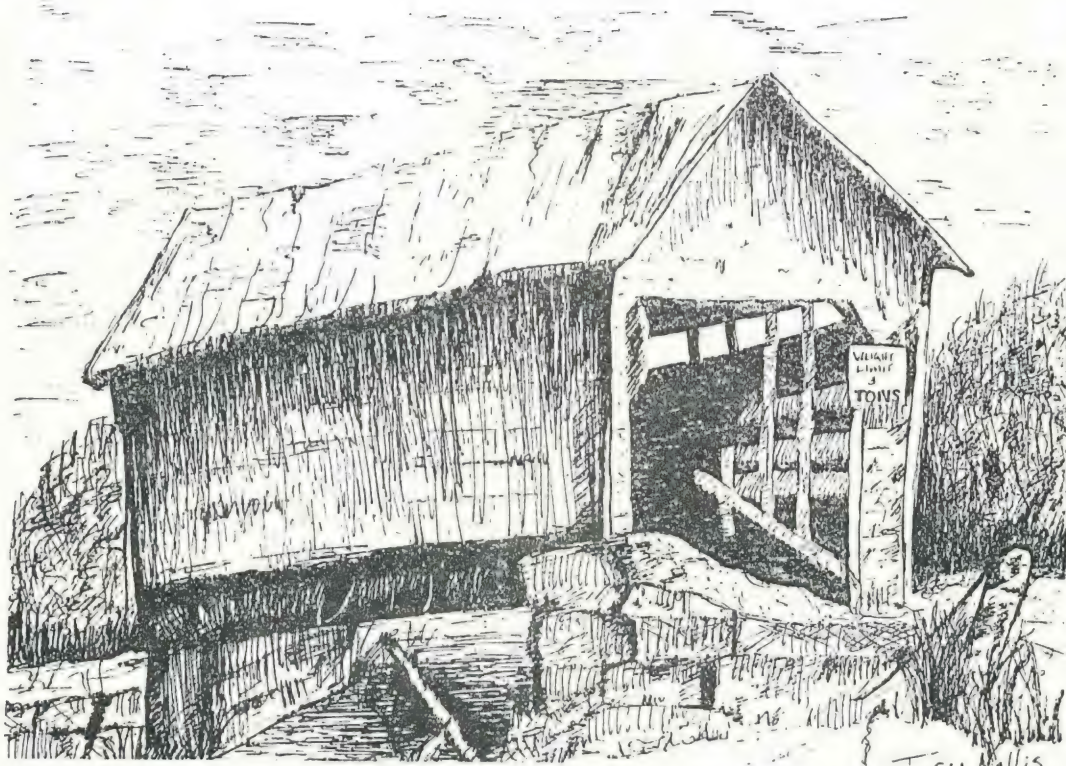
My head held high, my pride refusing to let me show my pain, I strolled to him, asking him to please take me home. Reluctantly he left, bidding the woman "adieu".

We arrived at my door and I thanked him politely for taking me to the circus.

"Beth, I....." Jimmie began.

I squeezed his hand tightly and smiled bravely.
"Goodbye, Jimmie. Call me sometime." He kissed me and left. I felt that betraying sting start to my eyes. I went inside, feeling the trickle run down my cheeks like the tears of a clown.

Tracy Kirby, '90



-Tonya Nellis, '90

The Bum

He rummaged through the garbage, his hands dirty and scratched. His thoughts were clouded by the influence of liquor. His only coherent thought was that of the needs of his body...food and an insatiable need for alcohol. The man was a vagabond, living on the remnants of food thrown away by momentary inhabitants of the crowded public bus station. He came upon a half-eaten sandwich discarded by some harried traveler. He smiled a toothless grin, his mind registering the recognition of food.

Pity, shame, helplessness...why should our society be so screwed up that some people lived in the splendor of palaces while others ate their meals from garbage cans? The question had bothered him for some time, beginning at his arrival three years ago from his quiet country community to Chicago where he had become the night patroller at the largest bus station in the state. He had wanted to do something for the street people since he had arrived, but no one seemed to know of anything that would have a lasting effect on those unfortunate beggars' lives. What could be done to help them? Nothing could be done unless many decided to work together to improve their plight.

The patroller walked to the man, patting him on a slumped shoulder. The man turned suddenly as if expecting something awful to happen to him. Instead he saw the friendly face of the policeman.

"Mighty fine night," the man said, smiling his toothless grin.

"Yes it is Sam. Go get yourself something decent to eat." The policeman pushed a few dollars in the man's hand.

"Thanks," the man replied. He grasped the money but shoved the half-eaten sandwich into his pocket to be eaten later.

Tracy Kirby, '90

Winter's Day

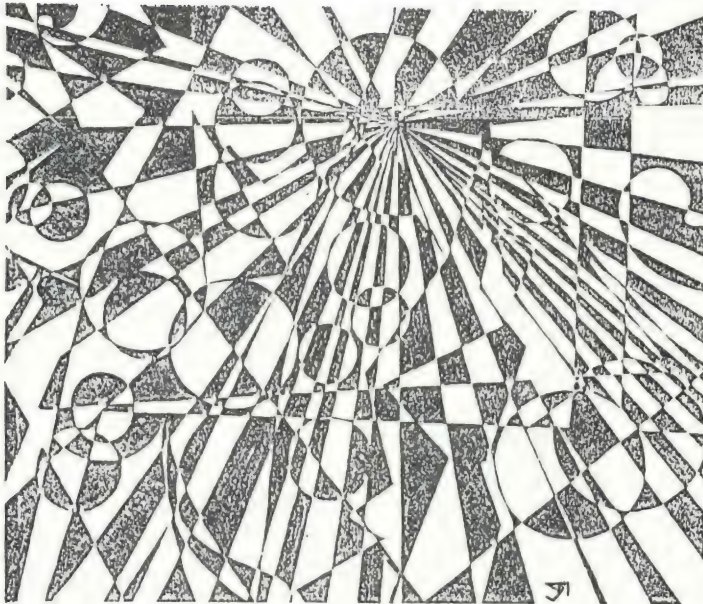
As the sun shines through
my window
Upon a winter's day

I feel its warmth around
me
Which leaves me filled with
joy

As the day turns into night
My need for warmth has
ended

But soon the sun will
rise again

Jenny Kundel, '90



-Steve Madden, '88

Bitter Wind

The wind howled in the trees, the ice covering their boughs crackling under the tremendous force. The snow lay heavy on the ground, looking weightless and yet pressing its heavy bulk on the frozen land. The sun was dipping below the western horizon, leaving in its wake a flood of brilliant colors. The full moon rose in its stead, the first twinkling of the stars hinting at the clear night that was to come.

The wind was like needles piercing my jacket, but I was oblivious to all feeling except those thoughts that clouded my mind and pressed my heavy heart. It was a night like this that I had lost one so dear to me. The pain that wrenched my heart was inconceivable, that feeling caused by the cold little note left to my mother and me. My father was leaving. He couldn't continue living a life that he felt he shouldn't be living. He wanted a life of health and adventure. He felt he could find that in bustling New York City, and he couldn't have that life with a wife and daughter in the wings.

My heart twisted painfully in memory, and at the howl of the coyote in the distance, I realized the foolishness at remaining outside for so long in sub-zero temperatures.

I began to walk from the top of the small icy hill to the tiny country home that my mother was fighting to keep from repossession. I would clean up the supper dishes, finally throwing away the empty liquor bottles and dragging my mother to her bed. A gust of bitter winter wind followed me through the doorway, refreshing my sorrow-filled remembrances.

Tracy Kirby, '90

Summer Love

We walk along the beach
On a hot summer day
We watch the tide magically
Roll in and slowly roll out

We laugh and smile
Have a great time
Making sand castles as we gaze
Into each other's eyes

The day went quickly by
It was time to leave
So we held each other's hand
And took one final walk
As the sun began to fade

Autumn

I walk throughout the woods
On a gray autumn day
Gazing up into the sky
I see the ducks all flying away

I come back down to earth
And see the leaves on the trees
Have all turned a beautiful shade
I think this time of year
Is wonderful because
It is a time of change

Stacee LaRue, '88

My Very Special Christmas

We arrived at my Grandparent's home three days before Christmas, my parents my little brother and twin sisters. Hermy, my little brother, had tried to talk my parents into bringing Twitney, our Lhaso Apso, but they nixed the idea. Hermy had cried for an hour after we left. My little sisters, Denise and Tracy, had each sweet-talked Hermy into shutting up by offering him a piece of the candy cane they had received from the kindly elderly woman across the way from us. She still thinks Denise and Tracy are the same person.

Grandma and Grandpa were thrilled to see us, especially Grandpa. He was overjoyed. It was as if he hadn't seen us in twenty years. Grandma seemed a little reserved, not her usual playful self. We unloaded and went in to sit by the fresh fire to "warm our tired bones", as Grandpa put it. Their tree had never looked better and the room was decorated with such holiday spirit that even Scrooge himself would melt in the glory of it all. It really gave me a warm feeling. My mother looked over at her mother, and she too sensed the reservedness I had felt earlier. I suddenly felt kind of nauseous and asked to be excused. I went into the bathroom and looked into the mirror above the old porcelain sink. I had looked better, I said to myself.

"Peter! Come in here! You have to see this!" Denise's excited strains came from the living room. I splashed some cold water on my face and went out.

"Look, Peetah," said Hermy as he peered out the window, "It's snowing mouses and pigs!" He giggled at his newly acquired expression.

"Hermy, you get your nose off that window, this instant!" my mother scolded playfully. He turned around and shot her his puppy-dog smile.

We ate and everyone went to bed. I got the bedroom next to my Grandparents and as I was just about to fall asleep, I heard my Grandmother's voice. She was talking sympathetically to my Grandfather who was sobbing.

"Jonathan, we have got to tell them," she said. "They need to prepare themselves emotionally. Please, darling," she stammered as her voice shook.

"But Rose, I think we should tell them after Christmas so as not to ruin their holiday. Think of what it would do to them to let them go through Christmas knowing that I'm going to die."

I sat up, absolutely stunned. Grandpa was going to die? Die. It all seemed so final and I was reeling. I thought about the many memories I held dear to me about my Grandfather. The time he bought me a bike, just because. Or the time we sat up until three in the morning talking about my family tree. I reminisced about the Christmas when I was seven and He had bought our family a new car when we had the financial strain of newborn twins. I thought of my parents, my mother. She would be emotionally devastated. And my father - he had lost both of his parents before he and my mother were married. He thought of my grandfather as his father. Denise and Tracy, eleven - how would it affect them? They had never experienced a relative dying, except two years ago when a distant cousin had died in a plane crash. We had never met him so it was pretty hard for us to stir up any feelings about his passing.

It just simply couldn't be true. Who would explain it to Hermy? He wouldn't believe me because he says anyone who is fifteen years old doesn't know a damn thing. I really felt sorry for my grandmother who had to carry the burden of not telling us around the holiday season when things are supposed to be merry and festive. What on earth would any of us do? I sobbed myself to sleep, thankfully.

The next day I pretended to be sick and stayed in bed most of the day, mulling over whether to tell my parents the tragic news. My mother came in and sat down.

"You feelin' any better, Peter?"

"No, not really."

"What's on your mind? You can tell me anything, you know that." She looked at me lovingly.

"I can't tell you this, at least not yet. I think you'll find out about it soon enough."

I lay back, feigning dissiness but not very successfully. My mother looked at me and smiled her sympathy smile. I felt dirty for not telling her my terrible secret.

"I have to help fix dinner now. Come on out, okay?"

"I might - I'll think about it."

Even though I didn't go out, I slept a little better than the previous night: but the next day, Christmas Eve, was especially hard. I got dressed and

prepared myself mentally, then went out into the living room. Denise and Tracy were seated in front of the television playing with Tammy, their imaginary friend. I smiled. My mother and Grandfather were seated at the dining room table, going through photo albums. That really depressed me. I sat down and vegetated until after dinner when we got to open a present. We unwrapped our gifts. I got Grandpa's gold watch. My mother looked concerned. I was thrilled, but kind of sad. Grandpa rose to make an announcement. This was it.

"My darling family, I think now is the right time to tell everyone. I'm afraid this is going to be my last Christmas."

My mother looked at him with disbelieving eyes, as did my father. Denise and Tracy looked puzzled, and Hermy just starred at him. The room was deathly silent. The rest of the evening went pretty much like that, as did Christmas day. The day after was a little better. My parents went for a walk as did the rest of my family. It was my Grandfather and I alone. He looked at me and said, "Thanks for keeping my secret, Tiger."

"How did..." I sputtered.

"A Grandpa knows."

I hugged him tight and told him I loved him, and he told me the same. As we sat on the sofa embracing, I sensed something. When I looked up, Grandpa was gone.

Jeff Lassiter, '90



The glittering diamonds flash
In people's eyes
Reflecting off luminescent waters
Sparkling in our minds
Blooming like flowers in the sky
Eyes that follow you everywhere
There is no escaping
The challenging dots
Only one thing can blanket
Their beauty and put them away
For future use as a pick-me-up
No you'd never think that they
Could have this effect on people
But these are magic
They are the stars
Nature's jewels

Teri Lavender, '89

Cleaning is such
a chore.
I find socks behind
every door.
There's things in
every nook and
cranny.
What's that?
My long lost granny?
Cleaning is such
a bore,
but it will have
to be done evermore.

Teri Lavender, '89



Say goodbye to the night,
it may be your last.
If you aren't careful
your flower could wither.

Diamonds -
millions of gems
sparkling -
many facets
just like life

A candle sits alone
flickering wildly.
It remains lit
like the fire inside everyone.

If you care,
then you'll share
your special star
to all who are.

change - never easy
change - always happening
change - everywhere
change...

Put your hand in mine
I'll guide you
through thick, through thin,
always and everywhere
put your hand in mine.

Jeff Lassiter, '90



She never knew him,
he never cared.
He met her late one
night on a lonely
dirt road.
She never had a chance
against him and the
car he drove.
He took all she had,
without a backward glance
but of course he had
known.
We buried her on
a warm spring day
amongst the daisies she
once had loved.
They never found the man
that did it.
But it doesn't matter
to the person it couldn't help.
It's been five years
but no one forgot
the girl that gave her life
in a needless act.

Teri Lavender, '89



-Eric Heeren, '89

Lost people roam
in the earth's silver dome
as the harsh winds blow.
Where are you? They know.
In search of the night,
they'll always fight
for the precious life juice
that is your own.

"THE VERY BEST NAME,"
said the diminutive dame,
"IS THE ONE THAT IS THE SAME
AS THE NAME OF THE GAME!"
And with that she walked away...

A girl on the edge
peered over the ledge
down at a hedge.
She was a girl on the edge...

Niceties aside,
am I hurting your pride?
I do hope you aren't offended,
your inflated ego upended,
you aren't the star you think
you are.

FLURRIES
White powder covers the nation.
It snows a lot in South America.

Jeff Lassiter, '90

This is our last year of high school
Our last football game as Lancers
Our last Homecoming dance
Our last choir concert
Everything's our last
As high school students
When will we see each other again
Everyone takes graduation so lightly
But...
It is our last time together
With everyone
Time will go by
And old friends forgotten
With new ones to fill their places
And never again will everyone
Be all together at the same time
So when that final day approaches
As graduation nears
After our diplomas are received
That may be our last goodbye

Shellie Littrel, '88

Within your hidden emotions
You are one who's confused
Wishing to be another
Without looking first at yourself
For if you could see from my eyes
You'd find one who admires you
For yourself
So caring and generous
Your love flows freely for others
Now learn to love yourself
For others do
Your wish to be popular
Exceeds your wish to be you
And if you'd only look
Your popularity is within friends
Friends who care for you
Friends who love you
For just you
Yes, my friend, we all care for you
And if you'd only look
You'd care for yourself too.

Shellie Littrel, '88

It was once, long ago, in the deepest reaches of the past that I knew how to stand firm and strong, when the body was as strong as the mind.

In that time I had the vigor of youth. Now after many of the trials of life, I find myself slowly slipping into the sullenness of apathy; indecision.

I wonder if I can still be my own, stay along one path and one view. I feel not as most others feel, though there are those whom I have found to be almost as I, yet the one race seems not to understand until they reach the age. They must not be blind to the views and benefits of those like us have to offer and are willing to.

I've found that there are those who seem to understand, yet can they ever truly comprehend what is the nature of the things which are the base root of our troubles.

We find that we often become very fond of those whose nature is kind and whole but that often will lead us to a greater hurt if we become attached in any way. So we must remain distant and indifferent, and yet, at the same time, close and concerned.

We also find that those of our kind are often the paradox among man. We can be the utmost of compassionate but in the same breath when provoked, the most deadly and destructive of all that was ever created. We must learn to be non-emotional and contained, even when provoked to the uttermost of containment. Be the masters of emotion, yet not to the point of following in that of the Stoic. Be kind and warm, but try hard not to smother, for humans are not ready yet; not all humans.

Must we always be tested;
man seems to believe it so.
They, some, seem against us
yet they do not know or
understand us.
Are they afraid?
Are they curious?
Do they want to know?
Do they want to understand?
Then they must put aside
their beliefs and be open
to how we are and how we
look at the way. Listen is
all they must do; believe
and accept they do not.

Do not push or test too hard!
The point of containment is
known only to a few. Do not
think, man, that you have the
right to judge and of those
who are among you, even we
do not have that honored
privilege. We should be
teachers and advocates to
your kind. But with your
fear of what you do not
understand, we can seldom
reach that which would benefit
us and your kind as well.

Who are we? Not even we
know that. Human we may be,
without being all human. We
are different, yet we are the
same. Do not ask us who we
are, for we can never tell
you, or ourselves know.

Rob Litwiller, '89

Long Distance Friends

People who I knew, but moved away
Are considered to be a long distance friend.
Even though they are gone, they are cared
for and are as much a part of my life as
they were before I said goodbye to them.
No matter where my friends are, miles
away or even right next door,
I hope they will be on my side forevermore.
I often wondered what it would be like
to see them once again.
I hope it will be as happy and as
special as it was before they became
a long distance friend.

Lisa Loussaert, '88

Through The Years

Through the years you were there for me,
you comforted me in sadness and you
picked me up when I was down.
You smiled at me and it made me
feel like you wanted me around.
You made my life so happy and made
your love for me so clear, I couldn't
help but want you here.
You gave me so many hopes and so
many dreams, more than I have ever seen.
My life just wouldn't be complete if I
didn't have you near, cause all I ever wanted
was for you to be here.

Lisa Loussaert, '88



So deeply sentimental am I
That you'll never notice my pain
Concentrating on support and understanding
My feelings are hidden from reality
So much do I care for your happiness
That I'll gladly put aside my own
For I only want the best for you
And I don't wish to be in your way
But in the smallest corners of my soul
This burning sensation lies awake
Searching for a glimmer of hope
That you'll find an answer soon
For the anxieties that keep me awake
Also search for an answer
All my heart is filled with love for you
As it will until life's end
My confidence is slowly deteriorating
With each passing moment of doubt
I wish to be strong, but feel weak
Hidden feelings may grasp the surface
For I cannot control my emotions
And I cry
But happiness is my wish for you
And for me to be your happiness is mine.

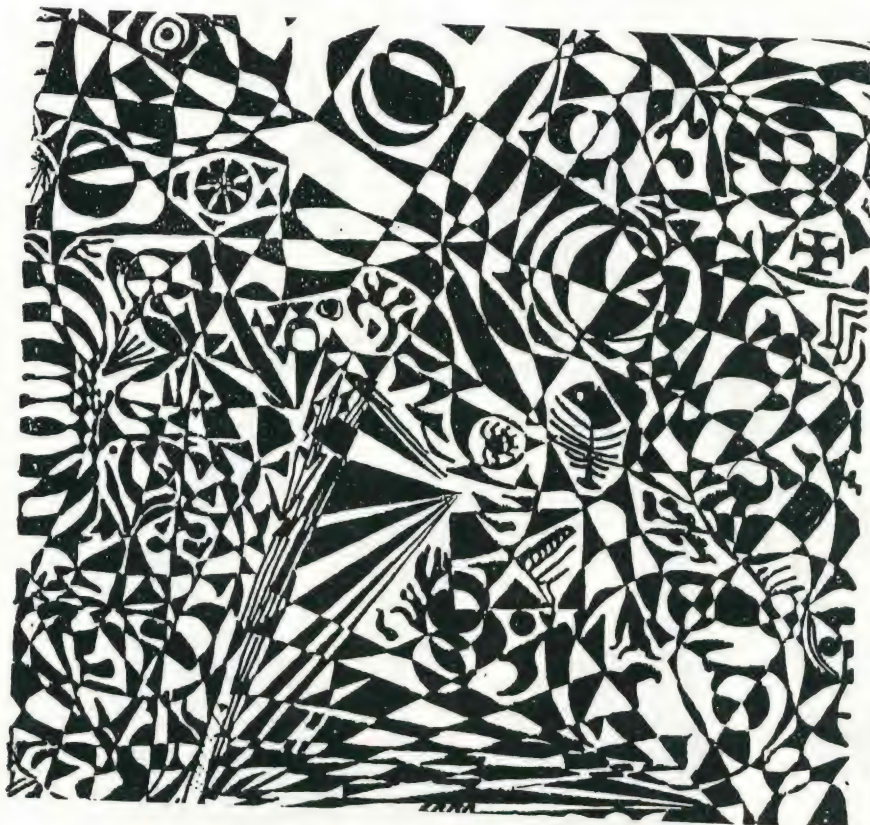
Shellie Littrel, '88



-Jody Peshek, '88

The hand that feeds the mouth
it is an awful, horrible sight
feeding this weak and humble child
makes my hand tremble
as my vein and nerves pulsate
this child is not my own
with a conscious grip of the silver handle
I place
 the food
 in its mouth
feeding this weak and humble child.

Katherine Main, '88



-Shane Glover, '88

My Coach

She is such a special person, and even though I just
met her this year,
all of our times together are held very dear.
She made me smile on days that I never thought I could.
Nobody could make me laugh, with just a giggle,
but she could.
She is such a sweet person, in more ways than just one.
To me she's number one.
She is a super coach, and even if she didn't
get the credit she so deserved,
she will always be remembered.
Even though she moved, there's just one more
thing I need to say.
She holds a special place in my heart,
and that will never change, even after today.

Lisa Loussaert, '88

I am sad
I am removed
Standing on top of this hill
I watch and observe

People change their many moods
They try to discover who they are.
Do they really understand?
They do not seem to look very far.

For their spirit is weak
Their intentions are narrow
They speak without thinking
Why do they hide their sorrow?

Standing, watching, and learning
On this hill where I stand
I choose not to be like they are.
I choose to keep a distance between us.

Katherine Main, '88

They can't stop me now
I've run so far away.
And someday,
maybe someday,
I'll really feel free
and I won't let them
get the very best of me.
Feeling numb and weak
I think that I'll lay down
and drift into a deep sleep;
but instead
I looked at the trees and
at the sky.
I laughed
and cried
and thought
There is nothing better
There is nothing better
than
to
be
free
to
be.

Katherine Main, '88

Mother, I feel so cold
I feel so unwanted.
Please make us some tea.
We can sit and talk
about things that don't really matter.
Takes us into a world unknown
Touching the warm, bitter water
to our lips
We look at the wall and
think of nothing.

Katherine Main, '88

The Runner

Ready, Go

Running as fast as I can through the crowd
Breathing deeply, wondering, can I get to the front,
Can I win?

I have twenty more miles, oh no.

I slowed down a bit, but still keeping a fast pace
Breathing deeply, concentrating on the top, number 1.
People are on the side of the road, cheering.

My clothes are sticking to me.

I'm sweating, burning, hot in the sun.

I came to a water stop, but passed it.

I couldn't lose any time.

I was passing a lot of people, though there's more in
front of me.

Suddenly I got a pain in my side.

I didn't stop.

Push, push, you can make it, I said.

By this time I'm running just a little faster than a trot,
pushing myself.

Only five miles left.

I kept thinking, walk Judy, walk.

But then I said

No, push, push, get to the front.

There's only three people ahead of me.

Taking long strides I gradually pick up my pace.

Then, passing the second person

I'm close to the end.

Sprinting to catch up to the leader.

Push, push, I don't care how much it hurts.

I can do it.

Now I hear my mom yelling, "Go Judy, Go!"

I run faster than I have before.

Now neck and neck with the leader, a few feet from the finish

I run, and run, and run.

Suddenly I realize that I've won! I did it!

I heard the crowd cheering,

And some of my friends picked me up.

I actually did it!

Kelly McDonnell, '91

Blizzard

I will never be able to forget that terrifying day in Colorado. It was December 25th, Christmas day. My sister and I were out cross-country skiing around the park and down the sidewalk when suddenly, out of the blue, a blizzard came on. At first, I thought that it was only a mild storm that would go away in a few minutes, so we kept on skiing. After about a half an hour the storm got violent that the icy snow cut into our cheeks like a razor, and the wind would have blown us away! To top this off, we couldn't see past our noses. Plus, I started thinking horrible thoughts, because I was so terrified that we wouldn't live through the day. Even through all of these doubts we trudged along, after taking our skis off, and wearily tried to see where we were.

After about ten minutes of torture the storm seemed to calm down. We did too. Terri didn't complain once! I'm so surprised because she is only eight, and she never kept quiet in a serious situation before. Though, I guess she noticed that this time is different, it's between life and death! Well, to get back to the story, this relaxation didn't last very long. Even though we knew where we were by now, it didn't help very much because the storm that was quiet for a few moments was now roaring mad. By this time it's even worse than before. The wind and icy snow were monsters, trying to hurt us. I tried to keep calm but it was impossible! I knew that when the storm died down we were going along a highway, and turned around toward what I thought was the way home. But now who knows where we're going? We might have even turned around again! I looked in the snow for our footprints, to find out where we'd been; but of course, I couldn't find any. They were covered with new snow.

By this time I began to think about how worried our parents would be. Also, I thought about everything I would be missing if I were to die now. Come on, I'm only fourteen. I have people to see, places to go, things to do. What about Terri? She's not complaining, but I can tell that she's frozen. Now both of our coats were absorbed in ice, and our faces were bright red. We had to keep going though. We had to survive!

Suddenly, a strong gust of wind came on and we could barely walk. At this point I decided to make camp. First, to get color back in our faces, we rubbed some snow against our cold, blistered faces. After this I made a fort out of iced snow to keep the wind out. When I was done it looked just like an igloo in Alaska, though not as neatly put together.

I went out into the blistering wind to get my sister. I noticed at this time that she wasn't in good shape at all. When I found her, she was lying flat on

her stomach in knee-deep snow. I checked to see if she was still breathing. She was, luckily, but very slowly. I then picked her up and carried her into the igloo. It was much warmer in there, and I thought, she must come around. After a few minutes of no success, I took off my sweatshirt, since I had two shirts on, and Terri needed the heavier one more than me. At this time I put the sweatshirt on top of her and took off her icy coat. A few minutes later she fell asleep. Every time she turned I recovered her to keep her as warm as possible. By this time I was starting to get cold. Hopefully we would both be able to leave this alive and well.

In the morning Terri was doing a lot better, but I decided that we should stay in the igloo until the storm calmed down. By 3:00 on December 26, the storm was tranquil, so we headed out. This time it was just snowing flurries and we could easily see our way. I built the fort about three miles from home along West 31st Avenue. I knew how to get home from here and there wasn't anything to worry about. Now we trudged through the snow until finally we came along the town of Park View where we live. At this time we ran through the town to our house. We came barging in and went over to the fire to thaw out.

Then our parents came into the room hugging us and saying how worried they were. It might have been a miserable Christmas, but it was the most cheerful day after.

Kelly McDonnell, '91



Fall

There I sat in the old wicker chair placed randomly on our patio. Places where the paint was chipping itched my skin. The dazzling stars and luminescent moon of a warm summer night seemed to giggle at me as I gazed up at them. They were like brilliant jewels on a black velvet background.

Fireflies flickered over the tall grassy field behind my house and the thick sound of insects hummed below the faint voices of children playing somewhere in the neighborhood.

Then as a cool breeze whipped by, I rubbed my arms for heat and the carefree thoughts of summer were taken away by the chill of a fall wind.

Amber Melcher, '91

A Second In Time

When I looked out
My window that night
I did but see
A wonderous sight

I saw it
My first time ever
Some will get
To see it, never

It shone so big
Wonderful and bright
With a sudden burst of light
A streak across
The sky that night

It was but one thing
A falling star
Seeming so near
But yet so far

I may be selfish
But the sky was mine
If only for
That second in time

Holly Meyer, '89

Opening Day

It all happens in a hurry
as men and boys start to scurry
dogs jump out as do men,
as the opening day rituals start up again
guns uncase as that starts the race
to see who gets in on that first chase.

Holidays

It's that time of the year
when the new year is near.
Families uniting and hope
of not fighting for this is the
time of the year for a lot of cheer.
For the big guy in red and white
will come on that Christmas night
and hopefully give everyone cheer,
as this night is soon to be here.

Winter

The season of winter differs a lot,
but in this state it is far from hot.
You can do many things in this season,
but just being outdoors gives you
good enough reason.

Charlie McKean, '89

Fall

Fall is waking in the
morning with the crisp air
all around you.

Fall is seeing the
vast golden fields of corn as
you flash by in your car.

Fall is looking through
the window and seeing all the
beautiful colors of fall.

Fall is walking through
the woods on a cool day with
the colorful leaves falling
about you.

Yellow

Orange

Red

Brown

Fall is getting colder.
The first frost has
come and gone.

The first snowflakes are
starting to fall.

Fall is...winter.

Holly Meyer, '89

Heart Aches

My heart aches for you,
for your love and touch.
But I look in your eyes
and all I see is confusion
and maybe. And my heart
aches.

Josh Moeller, '89

Growing and Changing

People say that love takes time,
to build it up takes two who try.
The two must want this very much,
For it to work also will take trust.
Some simple ingredients is all it takes.
These being honesty, faith and grace.
To take things slow one day at a time
The love will grow as does a vine.
Taller and stronger it will become,
entwining together as if it were one.
Growing and changing each day that goes by,
Having no limit to the height it can climb.

Connie Moore, '89

Lies

Lies are needles that pierce the heart.
They make us bleed as would a dart.
Hurt and pain they bring to the soul
That slowly heals as we grow.
The spirit can be broken if they are told
Slowly tarnishing away its gold.
Unseen scares are left behind,
Not on the surface, but deep inside.
Lies are things that may be forgiven,
But they truly are things never forgotten.

Connie Moore, '89



It Can't Be

You know I'd do anything,
If I thought it would work.
Even though I still love you,
We both know it can't be.
People say love is enough,
To pull you through.
But we both know,
It just can't be.
It takes a special bond,
To keep people together
When they part from one another,
And we both know it just can't be.

Connie Moore, '89



-Diana Gerardy, '89

A Different Planet

A dry scorching wind wails across the rock-studded plain. The cruel wind carries a scent of decay and death as it uproots an ancient tree. The wind blows across the land, leaving everything it touches in misery. All life died many long years ago from a fatal drought. All that remains are a few tree roots and bleached bones, out in the open where the terrible wind hits them, inch by inch, until they fall into that awful Hole of Horror.

The Hole of Horror is a great volcano with a gaping mouth in the ground. It smells of sulfer and rotting flesh as the wind cries its unmerciless song above. The ground trembles as a new volcano pushes its way out of the bare sand, like a dull knife cutting through cheese. The sun glares its deadly beams through a hole in the endless mass of green and purple clouds, giving the dead planet a sickly look. The wind picks up speed as the trembling stops.

Without warning a huge terrifying ball of fire shoots up in the air, sending showers of sparks and hot lava everywhere. Streams of spitting lava run from the mouth of the new volcano like spit from deformed lips. The tree roots and bones in the lava's way are swiftly covered and swept toward the Hole of Horror. The cooled lava leaves an ugly streak on the not-so-pretty hillside. The sun sets beyond the newborn volcano that has just uttered its first few words. It will say more in the years to come, until the whole planet is destroyed by its own sun.

Amy Morrell, '90

I'll Know

Oh how dark and lonely it is,
outside in the misty rain.
Deep inside my heart it's warm.
Something I just can't explain,
these feelings that I have for
you won't be denied inside
for love is something that
I can never hide.

Sometimes you'll joke and
you'll fool around, and how
I wish you knew that deep
inside my heart, I'm crying,
crying out for you. Just
hold me and tell me that
you'll never let me go.
Maybe it's just a dream
but I really long to know.
How do you feel about me?
How do I know if you care
when all you do sometimes
is just sit there. So show me
if you dare, and let me look
within your heart, and then
I'll know you care.

Angel Munn, '90

Fear Not Death

Death will not destroy us
for glory greets us there.
The memories of our loved ones
relieve the grief we bear.

And though our lives will perish
And our earthly forms must go,
we can't accept a turn of mind
which fills our days with woe.

So heaven holds the promise
of a future without end
in a land of reuniting
with each relative and friend.

We cannot change the outcome
though we may try our best,
but be thankful for the comforts
of an everlasting rest.

Angel Munn, '90





-James Eckhart, '90

The Boy Died

A friend of mine died one day.
The sun shone bright up through the clouds.
The wind blew each blade of grass.
The leaves on the trees were a perfect green.
But still, on this perfect day, the smell of
death filled the air.
It shot through me like a branch of fire.
This boy that died, he was brave...
Like a deer running through the forest.

Rachel Ortiz, '89

Alas...We Will Never Know

Walking Down the empty beach
I can feel the hot sand
on my bare feet.
The sun blazing down onto
the ocean
The salt water affecting me
like a kind of magic potion.
Down--far ahead--a bum using
the sand as a bed.
Out beyond, before the sun
will descend--
The sky bright blue
again tomorrow
It will be brand new.
Alas...we will never know.
Tonight is my last.
The night is turning fast.

Rachel Ortiz, '89

Each Star Is Its Own

I'm flying high now, way up into the
white clouds where the angels fly
after they die.

The sky is so blue here and the air is
so clear.

EACH STAR IS ITS OWN

At night, away they are blown--
everything tiny below.

THIS IS WHY GOD MADE IT SO
To be set free is only to fly,
to die.

Rachel Ortiz, '89



-Tonya Nellis, '90

Close

Thoughts of you fill my mind
Like waves upon a shore.
Sunny days and star-filled nights
remind me of you more.
Contentment coming from within
To warm the coldest heart.
Security that strengthen bonds
Never to be torn apart.

Barb Petersen, '91

Fishy Fishy

In the brook
Come and bite
Upon my hook

If I catch you
I'll fry you in a pan
Then I'll eat you
Like a big man

But if I don't eat you
I'll hang you on the wall
And if I'm not careful
You just might fall

Then after I leave the lake
I think I will
Bake a cake!

Heath Reedy, '90



Tonya Nellis

-Tonya Nellis, '90

One Peaceful Place

Toward dusk I built a fire. The wood was rough and uncut. It smelled quite good actually. Even though it was damp, it would burn. It danced gaily into the night, never going out. The crickets had started chirping, which was irritating, but I couldn't shut them up. There was an owl nearby, very observative and hooting. My dog, which smelled pretty bad, was sleeping with complete contentedness, tired from the day's trip. We (my dog and I) were in an open grass field that had grown long and very green. Tall oaks surrounded the field; the leaves had already turned colors - red, yellow, and orange. They were blowing in the autumn breeze and were highlighted by the lowering sun. The air was crisp and clean here. This put the fire out of place, disturbing the natural balance with the almost intolerable smoke.

A red squirrel was busy collecting nuts for the cold, harsh winter to come. A single, frigid and very cautious rabbit was inching its way into the field to nibble on the green grass. I took this as an example, so I took the meat I had caught and had been saving off the spit and ate. My meal consisted of fresh fish, some wild berries I had found along the way, and a couple of potatoes I had packed the day before.

Finishing the last few bites of my dinner, I noticed a male buck deer strolling into the field, no doubt to do as the rabbit, but unlike the rabbit, the deer was unconcerned with my presence. His body was mostly covered with a light brown. His underside, chest, stomach and neck were covered with white as pure as the first winter snow. The nose was coal black, which outlined his mouth. The eyes were brown but looked black from where I was looking on. His antlers, which settled on fairly large, very alert ears, weren't very large at all. They had a spread of about five to eight inches with five rounded sharp edges. I estimated he was two to three years old by the ignorance or boldness of actions. He stood tall and proud, moving his way across the field. The muscle structure of this animal was almost impeccable, very toned and relaxed.

By now he was almost to the edge of the other side of the field, so I decided to lay out my sleeping bag, throw a couple logs on the fire and relax. I looked again and the deer was watching, curious as to what I was doing I guess. Then he disappeared into the darkness of the timber.

Desperate Dreams

Wipe a tear from your cheek pretty baby
Every night you're alone wishing maybe
He will come and chase these blues away
He will fall in love and softly say
Baby, I love you baby
Wishing for a love like your favorite song
Dancing with your dreams all night long
But he breaks my heart and leaves me here
With nothing to hold but lonely fear
Oh baby, I need you baby

Desperate Dreams of passion's fire
Holding on to sweet desire
Dying for a love to call your own
The flame burns high but you're all alone
And you're caught up in Desperate Dreams
Whispers of love and silent screams
Even though his heart escapes you
There's a perfect love that waits you
In your Desperate Dreams

In love with a love that you can't deny
Wanting every one that passed you by
With a tender love that runs so deep
To touch his hair and watch him sleep
Baby, I love you baby
You could make him stay and fall in love
You tell yourself, if you give enough
But he never stays and you think it's you
And thinking gets you so confused
Oh baby, I need you baby

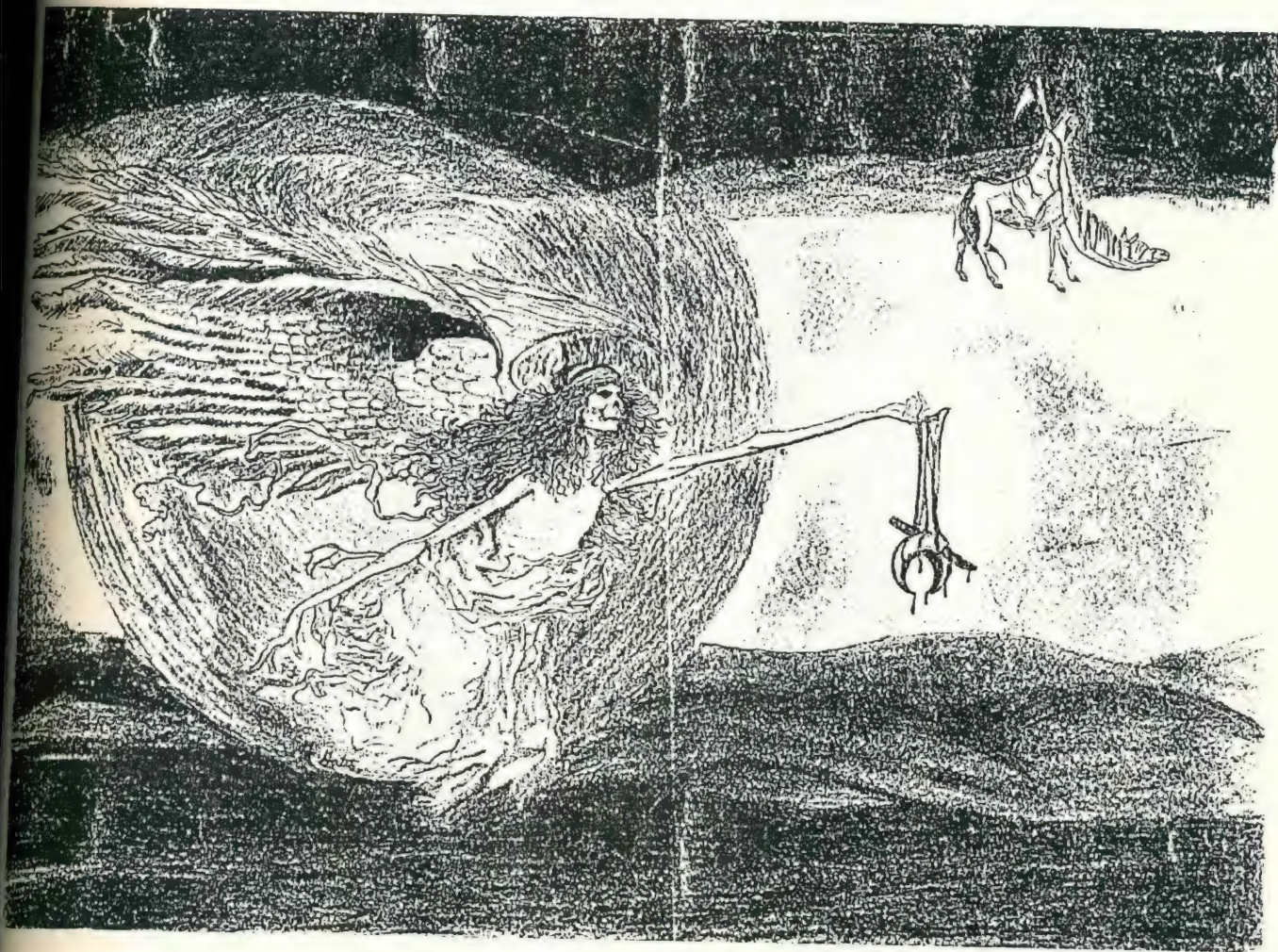
Desperate Dreams that light the dark
Holding on with all you heart
Dying for a love to call your own
the flame burns hot but you're all alone
And you're caught up in Desperate Dreams
Whispers of love and silent screams
Even though his heart escapes you
There's a perfect love that wakes you...

Time, precious time, don't you ease this pain
That drags me down like a ball and chain
He will come and chase these blues away
He will fall in love and softly say
Baby, I love you baby

Desperate Dreams that haunt the night
Wanting him to hold you tight
Dying for a love to call your own
A flaming heart burning all alone
And so caught up in Desperate Dreams
Whispers of love, the silence screams
Every time his heart escapes me

Where's the perfect love that shakes me
From these Desperate Dreams

Beth Sawdey, '90



-Jeff Gates, '88

Sweet Rock 'n' Roll

She calls your name in the dead of the night
She wets your dreams with the strength to fight
In the name of love she saves your soul
Sweat, tears, and blood, sweet Rock 'n' Roll

Exalted she stands, passion her throne
Love's lady of night, her power her own
Righteous hearts of fire, singing strings of gold
Flames of pure desire, sweet Rock 'n' Roll

Dancing in the heat, the call of the wild
The rush that she gives her lover and child
Sheilder of dreams, the chosen will know
Long live the Queen, sweet Rock 'n' Roll

Beth Sawdey, '90



-Jeff Gates, '88

Once through a darkened grove I moved,
While misty fog hung on the air;
I searched there for my stolen heart--
My stolen heart was hidden there.
Once by a leaf I sought refuge
From rains that fell upon the trail--
Against a tree I did recline;
My heart I'd find, I would prevail.
As shadows wettened by the rain
Began to fade, cast by the trees,
The heightened moon that had appeared
Appeared to be of vast white seas.
Such seas I longed to sail across
Through deepest night and palest morn;
I longed to see them from above,
As I perched on a unicorn.
Oh what a lovely beast he'd be,
With spiraling horn and golden crown,
With lacy lashes 'round jet eyes'
My love's surprise when we touched down;
Before me would stand a golden man,
With finely sculpted features had
By such a man--but yet a boy,
By such a king--but yet a lad.
And there, beneath the glowing moon,
We'd have the love I once had feared--
We'd build a paradise of love until
Until my lover disappeared.
And as I stood beneath the tree,
The puddles glistening all around,
I knew my guest had ended nigh
To here--my heart had here been found.

Megan Schirman,, '90

I watched you
Nothing special
Two years ago
Just a normal loss of breath
Nothing new
But now my heart stops
Skipping and flipping until
It faints
I never thought
What has happened
Would happen
That one person
Could change me so much

You stunned me
Twisted your laughter
Around my shock
Didn't you think
You'd surprise me
I never dreamed
In all my dreams
Too strange to be true
Unexpected
Off my guard
Though you caught me
Long ago
Yes
I'd love to!

Not one continuous roar
But a silent slapping
 sound
The salt-grasses
 falling over
 without movement
The air was as still as
Breath from hell
Yet sweet like a
 whisper from heaven
Thunder's murmur
 was the
Only heart beating
As mine was halted
 by the heart beside me

Megan Schirman, '90

Dream Warrior

I saw this in a dream
So stop me if I babble
This is a song about a war
Especially its last battle

More than a hundred years ago
On a field of blood-red flowers
An army did battle with a foe
With sword and mystic powers

The battle waged a day and a night
The winner never certain
Till there came a gold-clad knight
Of whose name we were never certain

He rode upon a white steed
His helm it gleamed of gold
His face held a look of rage
That turned the enemy cold

He must have been of Elvin kind
For his ears they were pointed
But he had the bearing of command
Like an army would move where he pointed

He raised his sword above his head
And I tell you what a sight
For it looked to be made of solid gold
And glowed with an inner light

His strength that day was the key
That turned the battle's tide
Upon his word the men did charge
Against this the enemy ran to hide

As he put away his sword
The crowd began to cheer
But down this hero's cheek
Ran a single tear

James Scullin, '88

What would you say
If I told you I loved you--
That you make my lips breathe
And you make my heart pound,
You make my eyes blink
And you make my head tingle,
You make my feet dance
And you make my voice sound;
You make the waves toss
And you make the wind howl,
You make the stars glisten,
You make the night blue;
What would you say
If I told you I love you--
Then would you tell me
That you love me, too?

Megan Schirman, '90



Fettered Souls

We are but fettered souls
Don't get me wrong
There seems no blemish
To our sounding song

We blend with ease
But do not mix
We are but fettered souls

Our melodies are passed around
From brass to winds
Then round and round

Our steadfast beat
Can't reach its peak
We are but fettered souls

Our fortes fuse
With such a rill
But don't express
Our unique styles

Must mind the master
Play to please
We are but fettered souls

Laurie Schroeder, '90

The Child Inside

Thinking in the vast creations
Of the mind you have made
Remembering memories
Of learned years
And past school days
Why the people built
The wall?
Why my solitude
Must fall?
Why I must refrain
From showing my knowing?
O, the asphyxiation of society!
The child inside me is
Still there, waiting to
Be let out from behind
The wall, waiting
to be told how to remain
Once again
How to fulfill
The will that you have
Intended for her
The uses you want her for
The happy, smiling little
Child, in pigtails knowing
Bright days and
Awaiting brighter ones
Why was she shut out?
Why did she become
Caged and sidetracked?
How only her emotions
Spill out, none of the
Knowledge has come
She wants to be released
Only to fulfill
Your will

Michelle Skadal, '89



The Boy

The sun setting slow
The lake like glass
I found a boy
Sitting in the grass

I know him yes
But not too well
When he saw me
His smile did swell

We talked awhile
By the sun of pink
As it began to set
We lie there to think

He had to go
He didn't say why
He left quick
Without a goodbye

The sun was down
The lake still glass
The boy no longer
Sat in the grass

Carrie Sherrill, '90

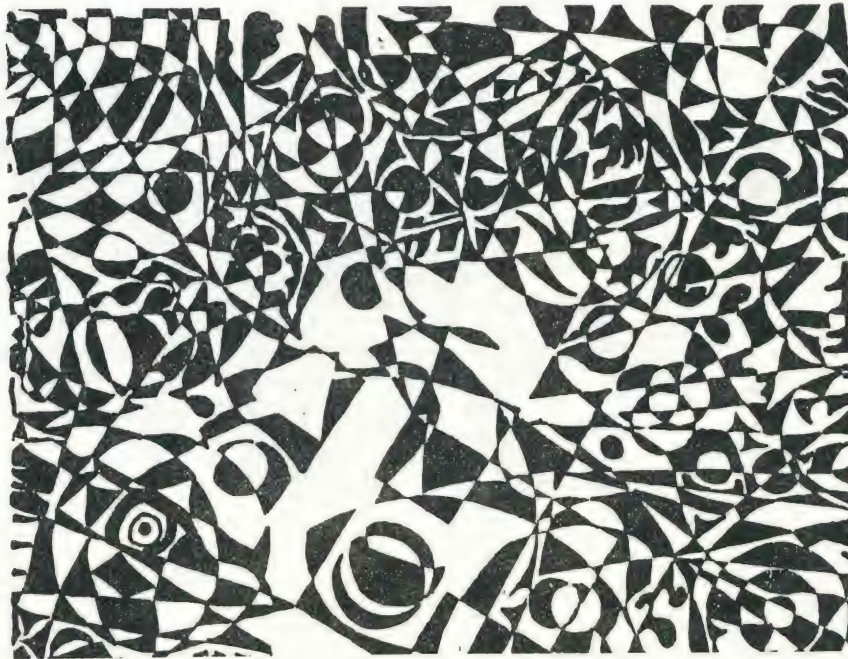


-Tracey Schneckloth, '89

Thinking of you
Mint kisses wintry nights
Holding hands
Watching the city lights
As the time goes slowly
but yet so fast
Oh how I want to make
us last
It's as though I'm starting again
not knowing how to love
But maybe I never really did

The magic between us is so new to me
taking pride in my confidence, in the past
Now to only stumble, unknowingly
like a child who has only known his mother's love
Oh, but the excitement of someone new
is so simple, but nervously so
Help me to not take this for granted
Holding hands, Our first kiss
You're so special, I feel so blessed.

Michelle Skadal, '89



-Shane Glover, '88

Homage

A blue-gold room
Fifteen or so people
In a corner

We still have yet to receive
Our priceless memory
But we wait with pleasure
And we hold everything else related close
To Perotin

Darcey Timmerman, '90

LaSalle

Opening its arms only to those
Having the right to be there
Silently permitting those frequenting
Illegal visits
Those needing neutrality

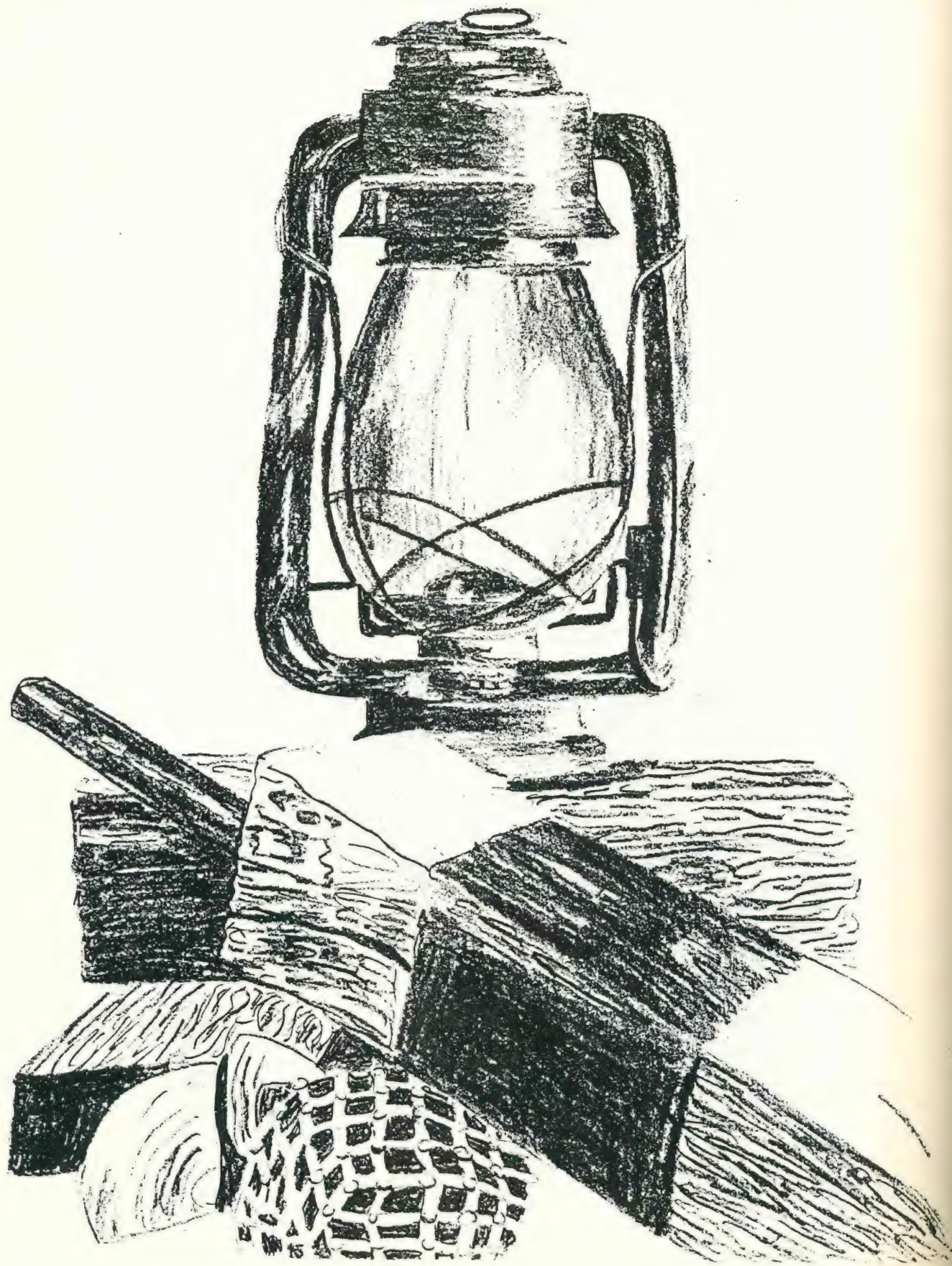
I stand there and hear the applause
Of the audience
But find I am alone
And find I am just remembering

To run wildly
Screaming
And screaming
And screaming
but screaming only on the inside
Never aloud
Aloud would give it all away

To stay silent is only half of the exhilaration

Just me in its darkness
Completes the ring.

Darcey Timmerman, '90



-Amber Melcher, '91

Fading Hope

Wind-swept meadows
Of our youth
Body and soul
Nail and tooth
On we grind
In endless hope
Another struggle
To forever cope
Battered and broken
A whispered cry
As flowers fade
So must I

Michael Tyra, '88

A Mid-Winters Dream

A quiet hall
An unused desk
An empty locker
A book at rest
No more feet
Upon the floors
Learning ended
By locked-up doors
The sky is sunny
The air is hot
The memories are here
The people are not
Summer is in session
The ring of a bell
the slam of a book
A few confused glances
And a tired book
Rooms are full
The halls are loud
A person laughs
In the commons a crowd
Your trip is over
Winter has returned
No more flight of fancy
Again it is time to learn

Michael Tyra, '88

They notice not
Be they content
Dwelling lifeless
Friends near
Conversation aplenty
They notice not me
For I was banished

Creeping silently
I peer blankly
A girl rocks gently
Hanging in the balance
She returns my gaze
She sees me and yet
She notices not

In the distance
Strains of a precious melody
Draw me near, bliss
The music hypnotizes
Ah, Mozart
The emptiness no longer
My legs ache, my soles bleed
Yet I follow
I notice not

Jami VanRyswyk, '90

Ode to Friendship
a.k.a.
The Madagascar Horse Song

When's the last time I told you
I appreciate so much
The friendly smile throughout
Bibbidy-bobbidy-boo
Good luck
I believe in you
And you've always
Believed in me
Someone had to
We weren't meant to be
Unsinkable
"People need each other
That's what life's about"
And I wouldn't want it
Any other way

Jami VanRyswyk, '90

To Find A Friend

No one remembers
a soft wind
but constant
with flapping tape
the dark
and empty place
empty
but more full
than anywhere else
memories
we call it ours

songs played
still echo
lines forgotten
still are
in the air
soft whispers
tell tales
of what has been
dark shadows
hold tightly
to the secrets
they have captured

time
stands still
beyond the stairs
above the lights
beneath the floor
anywhere here
is home
to struggle
find love
or maybe
yourself

Joanne Wilson, '90



The rain falls down
on the ground outside
drop by drop from the grey unfeeling sky
The heavens above seem to cry
but no one sees the tear
that falls from my eye

Curt Whisler, '89

Sometimes I get so confused
Who do I turn to? Who do I trust?
Maybe myself, maybe not.
Will the choice I make be the right one,
or will I be wrong and make it worse?
Too many decisions, too many ways to turn
Sometimes I just want to leave,
Leave it all behind and get away
Somewhere that I don't have to think,
Where whatever I do is right
And no one disagrees.

Curt Whisler, '89



-Jeff Gates, '88

Sightless Flight

You're afraid to fly
Deny it, if you will
But I can see past your expression
Your eyes mirror your soul
Your lips remain sealed
I hear what you don't say
Your unspoken fears ring loud
I know you well
You think you love and yet
You're afraid to fly
I do my best
The rest
Is up to you
I plan to soar
I'd like to take you
And perhaps
Just for a moment
You'll forget
That You're afraid to fly

Jami VanRyswyk, '90



-Jesse Nagel, '90



- Glover, Shane '88

←—————→

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To The Graduating Class of 1988!

I wish to all of you a beautifully bright future that satisfies your dreams. It won't be easy out there, but with your determination and hard work, you can achieve. I'm really sorry to say that I don't know all of you. Sure, I know your names, but that doesn't mean we know each other. If we would've taken the time, I bet each of us has at least one thing in common with everyone else. But that's too much to ask, isn't it - To actually find and take the time to make a new friend, to learn about someone else who's been labeled. I wish for you, 1988 graduates, open minds to accept differences, to accept other's ideas and thoughts without thinking who's right or wrong. Good luck to you in your future. There will be many more barriers to overcome...be strong and be happy.

Shellie Littrel, '88



-Aaron Mast, '91

